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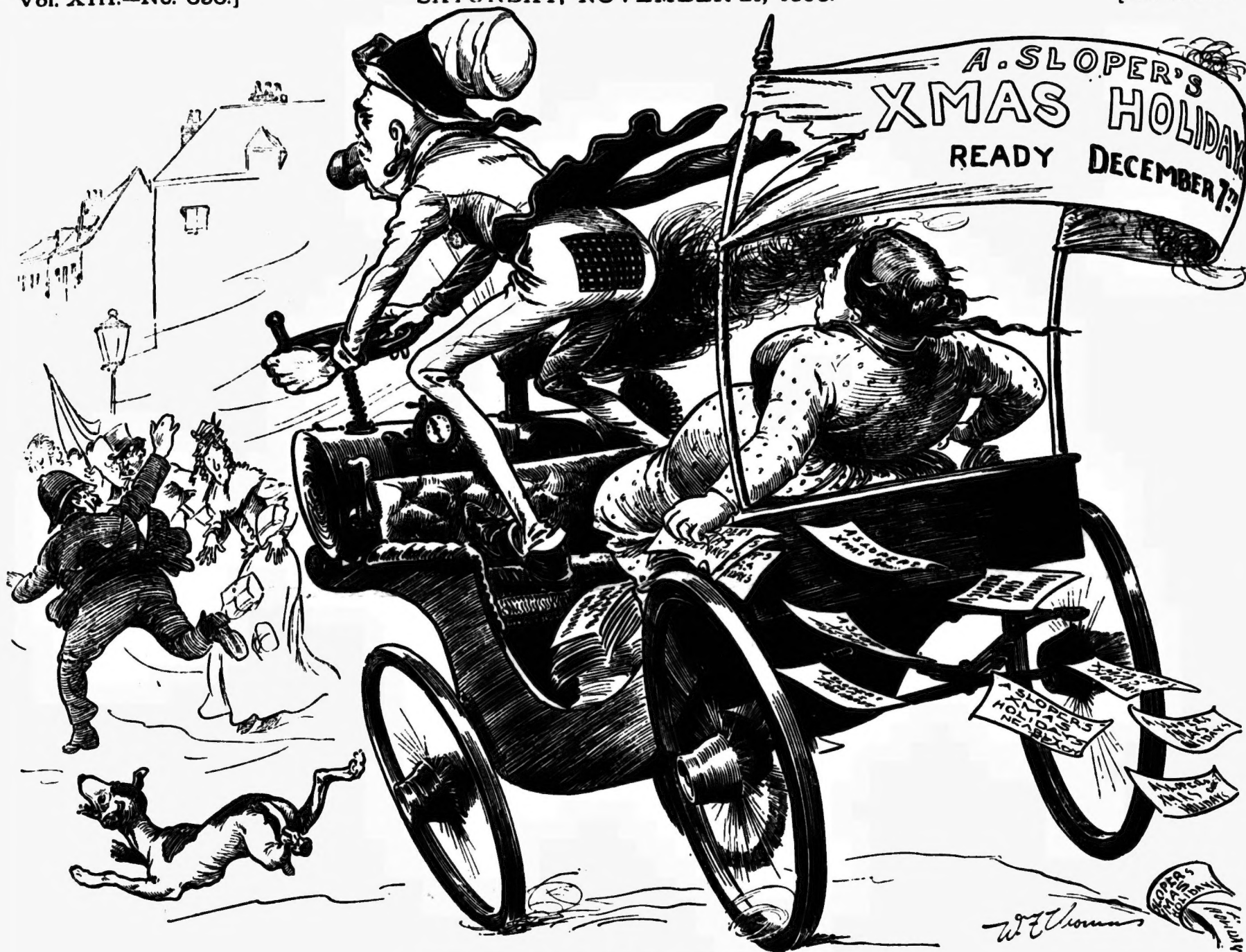
ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XIII.—No. 686.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



ALLY'S MOTOR-CAR.

"Have you seen Poor Papa's Motor-car? it's really too awfully sweet for anything! Of course, he was among the first to take advantage of the new regulations, and if he hadn't somehow lost all control of the vehicle in a particularly busy thoroughfare, Mamma says she would have quite enjoyed the spin. Dad rather spoilt the effect of the turn out, too, by openly advertising his 'Christmas Holidays,' which is to startle everybody on Monday, December 7th; but it certainly was a splendid opportunity. From all I hear, the Number will be the most remarkable twopennyworth ever printed."—TOOTSIE.

ACCOUNTED FOR.



"Did yer hear Bill was in a gas explosion last night?"
"No. How did it happen?" "Oh! easy 'nuff. His land-
lady hit 'im over the chump with a bottle of porter."

HE FELT HAPPY.



Cora. Yes; and they asked me why I had that hulking great fellow
hanging round me now.

Fred Furlong (of the Fortieth). Aha! meant me, of course. What did
you say!

Cora. That it was fashionable to have big muffs this year.

HOW WICKED WIVES WERE TREATED.

AMY HUTCHINSON and John Vicars were hanged at Ely, on November 7th, 1750, the one for the murder of her husband the other for destroying his wife.

Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin have a good deal to say respecting these tragic events. As to Vicars, they observe, "This unfortunate man appears to have been goaded on to the commission of the rash deed for which he suffered by the ill conduct of his wife and mother-in-law. While females reflect on the fate of this man, let them resolve to guard against the too free use of their tongues; and let men, however aggravated by them, endeavour to curb their passions in their resentment."

John does not appear to have led an exemplary life. His love intrigues had been numerous, and had lost him many situations—for he worked as gardener for noblemen and gentlemen. He wound up by making a very unhappy marriage, and after several quarrels with his wife, who once attempted to poison him, left her. He, however, returned and tried to make friends; but she, having a knife in her hand, urged on by her mother, tried to stab him, and he ran away.

He, unfortunately, called once more, this time vowing vengeance, "and stepping into the shop where she was sitting at work, and, placing his left hand under her chin, he apprehended she thought he was going to kiss her, because she seemed to smile, and drawing his knife out of

TOOTSIE SHOCKED.

I NEVER sat in so comfortable a theatre. I never had so nice a stall. I never saw a funnier play, nor cleverer acting. I was awfully shocked, and laughed like anything I am not old enough (I shall be nineteen next October) to begin to talk about "new fangled notions," but I object to the up-to-dater who tries to warm his theatre, as well as light it, by electricity. I can't laugh whilst I'm shivering.

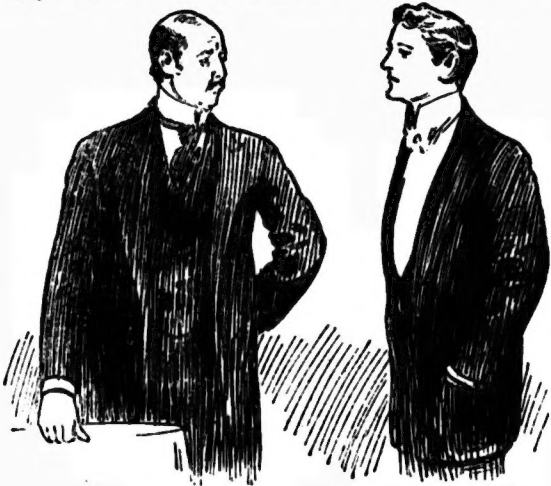


Lady Miranda Little: MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

The dear, cosy little house I began by speaking of is the Royalty. The awfully funny play is *His Little Dodge*.

My friends, the grown-up, grey, and bald-headed critics of the solemn press, have had a deal to say about the Royalty farce, and, for that matter, so have the youthful fledglings of more recently-born journals. Most of the former have, at home, no doubt, wives of weight and growing-up daughters, and it must be an awkward thing for them to say they sat and roared at a thing of that sort. The wife of weight would wonder at what part, and the growing-ups fall a-wondering whether poor pa had ever had a past. The frenzied fledgling may

but recently have got married, and it is even more awkward for him. Some critics venture to foretell that though the thing, as far as their own opinions are concerned, is thoroughly objectionable, they have no doubt "Society" will flock. That is just the truth. Society are flocking; and just don't Society nudge one another and laugh. As I subsequently explained to ma and auntie, whom I thought were best left at home, it is quite as closely a picture of English as foreign manners, and it's screamingly funny. Fred Terry is a husband and a philanderer. His explanation for being the latter is unrefutable. He has married the widow of another philanderer, and she, judging from experience, more or less wrongfully suspects him. Very well, then. What would you? Alfred Maltby's wife is at present the object of his poetical aspirations; but Alfred, besides being married, which anybody might be, is also a wine merchant, and *business is business*. Weedon Grossmith, a wild impetuous creature from far-off sunny climes, hearing that the only woman he ever loved is now a widow, returns to find her



Pollaby Fellow: MR. ALFRED MALTBY.

Sir Hercules Little: MR. FRED TERRY.

married to the volatile Fred. He weeps a bitter tear, but remains. Frank Dyll, a lowly Claude Melnotte, gardener sort of chap, is secretly wedded to Leila Repton, otherwise Candy. Fred's wife's maid, whom he visits "after hours," the untoward presence of a waistcoat buckle of his in my lady's chamber causing much unpleasantness. Lastly, there is Ellis Jeffreys, otherwise Lady Miranda, the Bride of Fred the Flighty, who is, what thank goodness gracious I am not, a hypnotic subject. These are the ingredients of that piquante salad, Feydeau-Hennequin-M'Carthy, and how delightfully mixed! Go and sample it!

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.
No. 39.



TITUS TARPAULIN SLOPER.

BORN, 1760. POISONED BY A CONFEDERATE, 1804

From the Painting by F. Pickersgill, R.A., at the Carlton Club.

THE CANDIDATE.

SHE was a beautiful authoress—tall, *erelte*, queenly, with all the classic dignity of a Penelope of thirty-seven. "What is more delightfully ingenuous than Youth?" she wrote, beginning a leaderette for *The Glass of Fashion*; and just then the parlour-maid came in to say that a lad had come in answer to her advertisement in the dear old *Morning Post* for a page-boy.

He was a leary-looking lad of some fifteen Michaelmas and he stood, cap in hand, taking a mental inventory of the contents of the great authoress's boudoir.

"So you wish to be my page-boy, eh?" "You've guessed it first pop, lady. I 'spose you wants a bloke to tend to the door, fetch errands by greased lightnin', get into a dark green suit an' sit in the draughty hall on a seat hard enough to give a Pharaoh's mummy a splint, say you're 'out' forty or fifty times a day, tell hawkers you 'don't want any,' or we 'grow all our own,' and sling kids off the front steps?"

"Y-y-y-yes," muttered the astonished authoress. "And what's about the price?" asked the youth, rearranging the ribbon bow on his billycock.

"Eight shillings a week, with ninepence in lieu of beer." "Ready money or deferred promises?" "Your wages will be paid regularly, of course," gasped the astonished dame.

"Then I'm on it like a sparrow on a cab-rank! Jest tip us the wink and I'll begin now. What shall I start on? Knives—boots—take the little dorg for a run, or clean out the bloomin' parrot? Only got ter give it a name! Or fetch a scuttie o' Derby Brights up, or fold an' docket all them letters for yer?"

"I'm afraid I can't do with you," said the great woman, sternly, "you're far too knowing and would ruin my nerves in less than a week."

"All right, lady, if it ain't a 'deal' I can't 'elp it, but you're missin' the chance o' yer life. If you're goin' to let a trusty slave an' perfecter like me slide for a paltry eight-blow a week—why, I'd be worth all that just to pop 'one, two, 'National Sportin' style, on to the boko o' the bloke that comes with yer last year's gas bill! —that's your look-out, not mine. Au reservoir!"

Then he bowed himself out, and the beautiful authoress who asked, "What is there more delightfully ingenuous than Youth?" yelled to her maid for her *sal volatile*.

SHE WAS ON THE MOULT.



"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how the loss of a hair or two spoils one's good looks!"

STOCK EXCHANGE SALES.

It was "first drink time" in Capel Court, and the bar at M—y's was crowded.

As young De Bulls came in through the swing doors young De Bears sat down his champagne cocktail and glanced round.

"Anything fresh, sonny?" he asked.

"Rather!" cried De Bulls, "bad news about Great Northerns."

"The devil!"

"Just so. Have you got any, then?"

"Yes. What's the rumour?"

"Oh! they say that this congregational parson at Harringay—the cove that opposed all the music and promenade licences, you remember—is getting up an agitation to compel the railway company to cut down all the trees growing on their property! Strong order, isn't it?"

"Beastly. But what's the idea of it?"

"Why, you see, now the autumn's come all the leaves fall off."

"What of that?"

"What of it? Why, man alive, all the trees are showing their bare limbs!" Then they came to blows.

JONKINS' HAUNTED HOUSE.



(1) Jonkins had just moved into his new house, and one night, when about to retire to rest, after finishing a rather weird ghost story, he almost fancied he heard a strange sound, something between a loud yell and a soft, sad sigh. "The place must be haunted!" said he.

(2) So he went about telling his friends he was living in a haunted house. "How interesting!" said they, and wanted to know if he felt at all frightened; and he replied, carelessly, "Oh, not at all." They positively made quite a lion of Jonkins.

(3) And he felt as proud as proud could be, when one day a lawyer's clerk called on him and handed him a copy of a writ from the landlord. "But I've paid my rent," said he. "Ah," replied the clerk, "but this is an action for depreciation of property. Good morning."

GIRLS UNCLE BOFFIN'S ADVISED.



Boff saw no objection to her going to the Empire in her prettiest evening frock, but thought someone ought to go with her: in fact, he offered to act as a kind of father to her if she liked. She didn't like, though.

IN THE PARK.



Painter. I don't think you should sit on that seat, mister; the paint is—
Mr. Gam. Ain't the seats public property? I'll sit on 'em all day long, demme!
Painter. I've no doubt they'll be dry enough by then, mister!

OUR LADY'S CORNER.
CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

DOMESTIC.—You will find it far better to have a lady help instead of a regular servant. In the first place, it is far cheaper, as one will come for half the money, and they don't eat nearly so much. They are less independent, and don't have followers; and if you are careful about their wages and deducting for breakages, they have not much money to spend, and so do not require any holidays.

A. S. S.—I hope you will be able to recognise your initials. I believe you are labouring under a mistake in thinking that the crown of a jam-pot hat is really made of a preserve jar. I should suggest a coffee tin as being lighter and more easily balanced.

YOUNG WIFE.—I have no doubt but that Bludson's dyes would answer your purpose, and most certainly your husband's masonic apron coloured red and green would present a very striking appearance; but are you sure he would like it? I think if I were you I should ascertain his sentiments first, in order to prevent possible trouble in the future.

F. A. T.—Yes; I suppose you naturally would find it a little difficult to reduce the fat on your face without reducing it anywhere else. Try Smithson's Local Anti-Fat Wafers, they are sold in three different colours, the red affect the head and face, the white work upon the bust, and the blue go to the extremities. 7s. 6d. a box.

MATILDA.—A charming washstand may be made out of two Tate's Cube sugar boxes. Stick them together one on top of the other with a little paste or gum, and then cover them all over with stamp edging. When this is dry you can decorate it in oil or water colours in any way you like. You can easily make the jug and basin out of cardboard, pinned together and painted with white enamel, and at a distance nobody will notice that they are not what they represent.



(1) The Elder wandering about, thinking, as is his wont, of higher and better things, inadvertently slipped—



(2) And encountered, in a sudden and disconcerting manner, McSwine's bull, "Jehoshafat."



(3) And McSwine groaned, "Mair jookery-pokery, mair jookery-pokery, wi' a meek and innocent bull, too! Oh, the carneverous crokkydell! It's eneuch tae mak' a man turn a kirk scorne or an Englishman. It's only the muckle profits o' the fermin' that haulds me back a single day."

A FRAGMENT.



A doubtful, troubled look played about her beautiful eyes. "But can I trust you, Frederick?" she asked, hoarsely. The call-boy's brow flushed with honest pride as he answered "Yus." (She wanted someone to fetch her a pint of stout from the canteen.)

THE NEW REMEDY.



Patient (to cycling doctor). Ah, doctor! I feel I'm going down hill fast.
Doctor. Apply the break, my dear sir—apply the break.

JUST GOING TO BEGIN.



"This way, please, for ALI SLOPER'S Harem—the genuine thing from Constantinople. Admission, sixpence. Turkish kisses extra."

PERFECTLY TRUE, DEAR.



Mamma, I saw Captain Flasher kiss you in the conservatory, Mabel. How could you let him go so far?
Mabel. Well, I couldn't let him come much nearer.

THEY WERE BUSY.



"I want yer, ma honey."
[He got it, too, pretty hot]

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



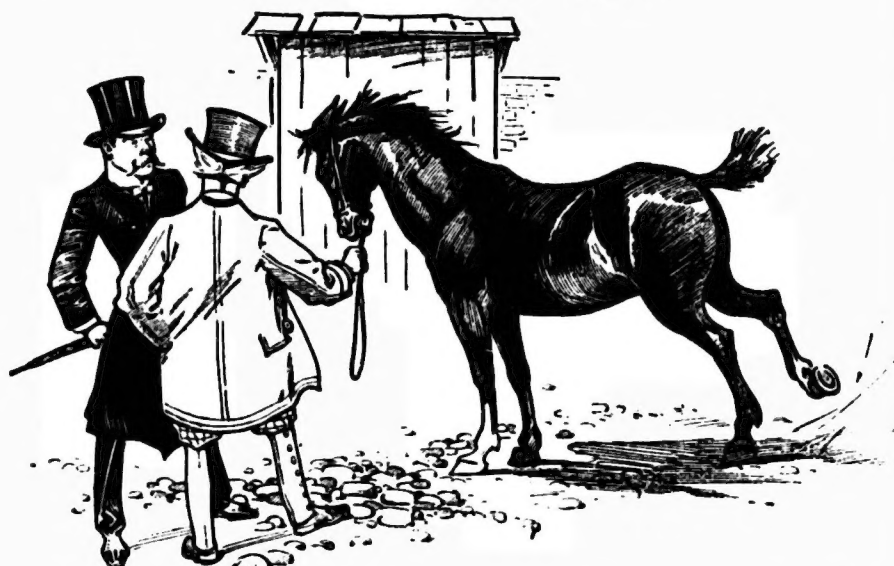
"Hullo, face!" "Same to you, old man."

IT DIDN'T WORK WELL.



"When a man is ejected his money is invariably returned."—*Licensing Reports.*
Snopkins had read this and thought he'd see three-quarters of the show, get boozed, and have his money back. He now says it ain't worth the trouble.

HE WOULD NOT COMMIT HIMSELF.



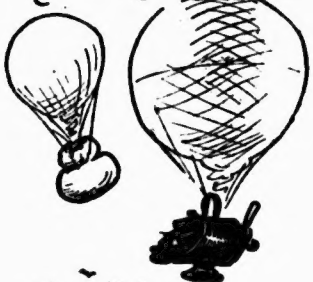
"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir; I've never seen your wife."



The Mayor the merrier.



The Grand old Game.



going up.



The Camping Crew.



The Queen's



Hoist with his own petard

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

The new Lord Mayor appears to be A pleasing optimist, I see :—The grand old Rugby game, I find, In public favour's far behind :—Up goes the price of coal and bread, While England's poor look on in dread :—From Salisbury's speech it would appear The time for action may be near :—The Cantabs have a turn of pace That ought to win them next year's race :—The Buckhounds as, of course, they ought, Contrive to show some royal sport :—Prince Bismarck gets a very sound And thorough blowing up all round.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

ANOTHER BIG FISH STORY!



Squire's Daughter. Well, good-bye, Hannah. To-morrow I start with pa for the South of France: the doctor says England is too cold for him.
Hannah. Well, I 'opes it will do 'im good, miss. I've 'eard my son what lives in Lunnun say that Paris is the warmest place he knows of.



The Gudgeon. Oh, Mr. Pike, I was down in the roach deeps the other day, and—
Mr. Pike (suddenly). Look here, I'm not listening to any stories about big fishermen this morning. Hook it, or I'll swallow you!

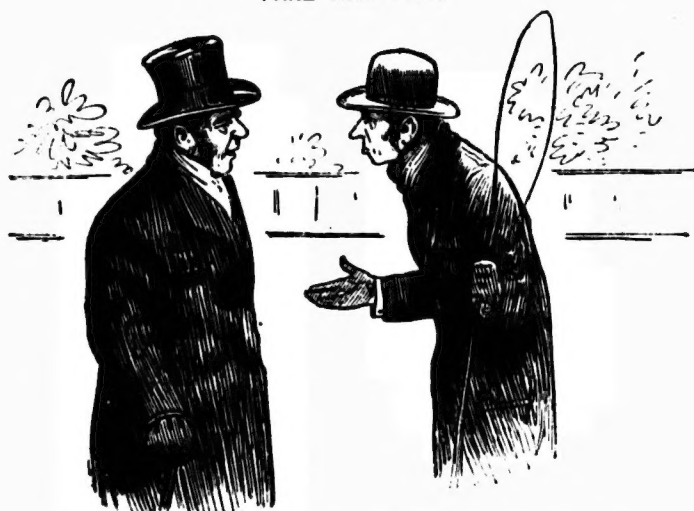
FARE AND FAIR.



"Which do I like best? Well, if they're nice, when I'm with tall men I fancy I like tall ones; but when I'm with short men I think I prefer short ones."



ALL RIGHT BEHIND.
"DEAR KIT,—Johnnie's bought a tandem, and I find it most easy riding.—Yours, TRIXIE."



Cabman (innuently). Come, now, guv'nor, fair's fair, you know!
Old Gentleman. Just so; but yours happens to be only eighteenpence.



Bobby. I say, Miss Silverspoons, my sister Maud's going to marry your brother Dick; but don't say anything about it because he doesn't know it himself yet.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

YES; it's quite true! On Monday, December 7th, the Tottering Ruin will once more challenge the whole universe with an Xmas



column of the next page. But just a word in your ear. Hal Ludlow's large drawing is very miny, and—but there, you must wait till December 7th.

The Mildewed Fabric has naught to complain of in the election of Mr. Edward J. Poynter to the Presidency of the Royal Academy. Edward John is an artist who has done first-class work; moreover he is an accomplished gentleman and, ahem! an F.O.S.

EDWARD LLOYD, the great tenor, is pleasant and comforting to gaze upon as he trips along the King's Road, Brighton. Alexandry takes his oath that Marie Lloyd is Teddy's sister, but that's all nonsense; we're certain they are not related.

THE F.O.M. was much pained to read of the action brought by Mr. William Jones, Chairman of the *West Ham Ally Sloper Fire Brigade*, against Mr. Hayden, the Treasurer. The Old Man feels that if the two gentlemen had called on him, instead of going before Mr. Justice Cave and a Common Jury, the differences between them could have been settled in about two jiffs. If any living man is good at pouring "Unsweetened" on troubled waters, that man is A. SLOPER.

MISS LILY SHAW, soprano vocalist, was just warbling tunelessly when the Mildewed One fell over the doormat of the South London the other evening. However, Mr. Frank Egerton soon had him stowed away in a comfortable seat, with a big cigar and a tiddly to keep him quiet, and an excellent programme was proceeded with. Miss Kate Carney, the Coster Queen, who this week obtains pictorial honours, proved perhaps most to the liking of the audience. Her make-up is excellent, and her two songs are sung and acted with real art. The *Lavender Troupe* were extremely clever on bicycles, especially the two boys; the Irish humour of O'Connor and Brady won its never-failing applause, and the Karnos' "Jail Birds" sketch was good but lengthy. There were twenty turns in all, and the Old Un, like everybody else, came away delighted.

THE Obviously-Obfuscated One has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon THURLOW H. JOHNSON, because he's a refined and humorous entertainer. "Dyer ear, fether," remarked the Sapphire-Orbed Suckling, "Thurlow's a real corker, ain't he? 'Is yewmerus songs and sketches fairly make yer bust, and 'e's got a falsehettio voice that's worth a forchun to 'im as a mimick. Mug as you are, as a rool, mong chair paire, you do manage to find the right 'uns at times—' But here Alexandry saw danger in his parent's eye, and fled in haste. Not, however, before the Old Un's brass-capped trotter-case had landed squarely upon a portion of his offspring's anatomy that it is needless to particularise.

Robin Hood, the new sketch which was produced at the Oxford on the evening of Lord Mayor's Day, is chiefly remarkable for its effective setting and unconscious humour. There is a fine old English flavour about it, of course, and the frequent allusions to sturdy Britons, greenwood trees, gallant bowmen, etc., gain vociferous applause. Your music-hall patriots like to be told that Old England is ever ready to aid the oppressed and suffering single handed, and they shouted themselves hoarse over the assurance, at the very time that Lord Salisbury was telling a Mansion House audience that England daren't do anything of the kind. But it's hardly fair to be too critical. The scenery is extremely pretty, the music above the average, and the stage management excellent. And all this is surely good enough for a music-hall sketch.

WEDNESDAY evening next, the 25th inst., will see an event of unique interest in the history of things theatrical. The twenty-fifth anniversary of *The Stella* will then be celebrated at the Lyceum by a special commemorative performance of the play in which, in the opinion of many, Sir Henry Irving is at his very best. Tastes, of course, differ upon this latter point, but all will admit that the conscience-stricken Mathias is among the most powerful impersonations of our greatest actor. It will be a great occasion. The devoted Irvingites will be at the pit doors, with their camp-stools, from early dawn, and untold gold will not buy a reserved seat. Fortunate the folks who are there to see.



HOORAY

"Lost, lost!" he cried. His voice rose shrilly, and died sadly away again upon the evening breeze. "Lost, lost!" he wailed again. The ceaseless tide of humanity surged on, but he stood as though transfixed upon the cold and cheerless kerb, and uttered once more his plaintive lament.

"Say not so, young man," remarked an elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect; "never let despair obtain its dread ascendancy. Fortune, friends, love, faith, honour—what is it that's lost?" "The fourteenth bally horse that I've backed this week that they told me was a cert.," responded the young man, and once more the Spirit of Spoof chuckled with a great glee.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING.



Snipper. Yes, she's a rum old girl. Crossed in love in her youth, I believe.
Snipper. Poor thing! Did she suffer much?
Snipper. That I can't say; but her husband does to this day, poor chap!

POEMS ON PARAGRAPHS.

NO. 21.—MERE THOUGHTLESSNESS.

[Serious results might have ensued from the furious career through crowded London streets of a cart-horse, terrified by a lighted match which, thrown from an omnibus, alighted on the animal's nose.—*Daily Paper*.]

How many things beneath the sun
In wanton heedlessness are done,
Which, seeming wholly free from aught
Of danger in themselves, are fraught
With grave contingencies of grim
And grievous hurt to life or limb.
How many a mortal does these things
Serenely, till at last he wrings
His hands, remorseful,—having learned too late
What ill such want of thought may generate!

The huge glass bottle, blithely cast
From trip-train's window, when its last
Delicious drop is drained, may strike
Some labourer on the head belike.
The walking-stick which many a beau
In crowded London bears as though
He held a horizontal bar,
May some poor urchin's eyesight mar.

The lighted match your smoker lightly throws
From tranicar's top may lead to death—who knows?

The housemaid at her work receives
An urgent call, and, hurrying, leaves
Her pail upon the stairs, nor thinks
Of risk to others—heedless minx!
The warehouse youth, with but two bales
To hoist from dray to store-room, fails
To see why he, for space so small,
Should fly his danger-flag withal.

The mother leaves her child (nor bodes mischance)
Alone before a screenless fire to dance.

But, when such trivial acts as these
(You'll think of myriads more with ease)
To sad catastrophes have led,
What tears their perpetrators shed!
So let's endeavour, day by day,
To school ourselves in such a way
That we at length may leave behind
Our thoughtless ways, and bear in mind
How many a hurtful, harmful issue springs,
Ungessed, from seemingly innocuous things!

DO FOR NUMBER TWO.



Pawnbroker. What do you want, lifting your late husband's clothes?
Widow Green. Well, ye see, I've my eye on another chap about the same build.

THE LATEST.



New Reversible Costume, very handy for a theatrical manager whose company is limited in numbers.

ANOTHER LIBEL ON THE FORCE.



"And what brought you here, my friend?" "A couple of policemen, sorr." "Ah! yes; but hadn't drink something to do with it?" "Och! shure, yis, sorr; they were both ov 'em drunk!"

AN IDYL.

THE exquisitely lovely Gwendolinda de Vansitarte reclined with unstudied grace upon a costly couch in her magnificent and tastefully furnished boudoir, lazily sipping her chocolate from a specimen Sevres cup, and solacing her mind with a cigarette of fragrant Dubec. The priceless art treasures of Chiswell Street and Tottenham Court Road lay scattered around in rich profusion. Everything spoke of unbounded wealth, or an exceptionally unsuspicious and confiding set of creditors.

Suddenly a jampered mental in gorgeous livery threw wide the portals.

"The Marquis of Billingsgate," he said.
"Not at home," cried the lovely girl, and the stately flunky bowed silently and retired with the intelligence.

"The Earl of Stepmey," he announced five minutes later.
"Not at home," snapped Gwendolinda.

Once more the man appeared at the threshold, "The Duke of Limehouse."
"Out, Jeames," sighed his mistress, and the powdered head vanished. The lovely girl beat her bejewelled slippers petulantly upon the sofa. "Oh, why does he not come," she cried; "what cruel fate can have delayed him?"

As though in answer to her words, the footman again made his appearance.

"Mr. Lorkorts."
"Show him up," commanded Gwendolinda, promptly, taking a rapid survey of her fringe in a gold-backed hand mirror, and unconsciously, perhaps, displaying another couple of inches of open-work stocking.

The next moment the handsome and rising young barrister burst eagerly into the apartment. "My ownest own," he cried in impassioned accents, as he threw himself at her feet and tenderly carried the soft white bejewelled fingers to his lips.

For a few brief delicious instants nothing further was said on either side. At length he rose from his knees and gazed gratefully into the limpid depths of her glorious eyes.

"And so you will accept me, dearest?" he cried; "the mighty throng of noble suitors have wooed in vain, and the priceless treasure of your love is to fall to me."

Gwendolinda tapped him indulgently upon the cranium. "There's only one little thing I must get you to promise me," she said.

"You have but to name it, my heart's idol," he said with fervour.

"Well, then, you must confine your practice to the Divorce Court, so that you can keep me thoroughly posted, and don't forget that when there's any particularly spicy cases in I shall want a seat on the bench." And on his knees he swore obedience.

A CANDID OPINION.



"I'm awfully fond of the East Coast, don't yer-know?" "You look more like the East-End to-day."

UNNECESSARY.



"Don't you have clocks on your stockings?" "No; not since the L.C.C. have set a watch on our legs."

FACT, REALLY.

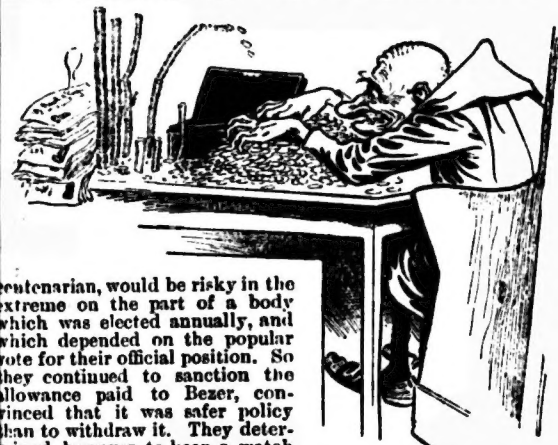
A board placed on the walls of a certain minor theatre has the following announcement: "Any person doing an injury to this theatre will be taken into custody." In consequence of this notice, the dramatist of the establishment is keeping out of the way, but the police are actively looking out, in case of his venturing to show himself in the neighbourhood.

BEZER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE anxiety for the possession of youth which had begun to animate Bezer grew stronger day by day, and day by day his money, the gift of appreciative visitors, grew bigger and bigger. As his financial pile increased, so did Bezer's desire that he might be free to step out to spend it on enjoyments.

It was wonderful how that money increased. He had nothing to spend it on. His actual necessities were always amply provided for by the parish, and his luxuries were gifted in profusion by the visitors. The parochial authorities knew that old Bezer was getting handsome gifts in hard cash, but they dared not hint that they should in consequence withhold parochial relief. They felt that to do so in the case of such a remarkable man as this



Count over his hoard.

centenarian, would be risky in the extreme on the part of a body which was elected annually, and which depended on the popular vote for their official position. So they continued to sanction the allowance paid to Bezer, convinced that it was safer policy than to withdraw it. They determined, however, to keep a watch on the old man's possessions at his death. If there was any money they were convinced the parish ought to get it as heirs-at-law.

And there were considerable sums without doubt. At times, when Bezer was alone—when the old woman who waited on his wants and wishes by the order of the parochial board was absent—old Bezer would draw out the notes and bullion from the cunning hiding-place which he had contrived, and would count over his hoard of treasure. It was a handsome sum, even when he first began to get discontented, and with its growth his discontent increased. When it had reached £200 Bezer's discontent was almost unbearable. Such a sum was a fortune in the eyes of one who had never had two hundred pence in his possession.

And the golden shower continued to fall, and Bezer continued to grow because he had not youth at his command to enable him to step abroad and enjoy the cash. In his mind he conjured up the gay time he might have, and the time of his bootless aspirations sometimes coloured the tone of his reminiscences, and more than one person shook their heads with the opinion that old Bezer had been a sad, sad dog in his youth, while people less enamoured of him declared him to be a hoary-headed, toothless old sinner.

It is said that if we wish at the proper moment one wish will be granted in a life-time. Bezer had often wished in his life-time, but his wishes had mostly been in the direction of having a square meal or a pot of four ale, and it may be that trifling wishes like these did not count, even when granted in the record of important wishes.

Bezer was now wishing all day long that he might be young enough to spend his cash, and it was hardly possible that if Bezer had not already exhausted his privilege of realising one wish in the past that he could miss the propitious moment now. Yet his wish was not granted, perhaps it was not considered a proper wish by the authorities who grant wishes.

Then Bezer began to grow tired of indefinite longings. One night he had had a pleasant and leisurely opportunity of counting over his cash. The old woman whose duty it was to nurse him and go to the other end of the village on some errand, and had been caught in a storm. She had delayed to return till the storm would blow past, but it had not blown past, and had only become worse. The rain and wind battered against the window of old Bezer's room, but old Bezer heeded it not. The lightning, at intervals, shed a blue light in the apartment, which made old Bezer's solitary candle pale, but the old man cared nothing for it. The thunder rumbled in long dismal peals, but not so loudly as to overpower the chink of the silver and gold coins that the old man was lovingly counting one by one.

At last he had completed the tale of coins, and as he dropped the last coin into the bag with the total of £301 17s. 3d. on his lips, he heaved a sigh, and in impassioned tones, said:

"I wish the Devil would help me!"

There was a more brilliant flash of lightning as he spoke, and a wilder peal of thunder. The chink of the coin did not, in this instance, distract the thoughts of the old man from the elemental strife without, and he shut his eyes to the light, and his ears to the crash. When he opened them once more there stood on the hearth a tall dark-complexioned gentleman, who remarked:

"I am at your service!"

(To be continued.)

FARES WOT I'VE DROVE.

(THE CONFIDENCES OF BADGE 00,951.)

(Continued.)

"Do I call a kebban's lot a 'appy one, guv'nor? Well, it orl depends on 'ow you looks at it. It's a 'ard life, there ain't no mistake about that; you works more'n three-parts of the blessed day and gets 'ardly enough to buy yer supper at the finish, but there's chaps as is that fond of a 'oss they wouldn't be 'appy doin' nothin' else, and that's where it is. Put 'em in a shop, or a ware'us, or a orifice and they'd pine right away, like the caged heegle at the Zoo. Them's the boys wot I calls yer true driver; they're got their 'earts in the business, so to speak. In course the man wot owns 'is own 'orse and kebb like I done makes a bit more than the others, but if I 'ad my time to come over agin I'd go in for somethink else—litrichoor or the fine harts."

"You wouldn't 'arf tumble to the number o' little annoyances we 'as to put up with. I don't wonder as some on us learns to use language as ain't strictly proper. Coppers, for instance! I've done more swearin' over coppers than I 'ave over everything else in this world put together. One of the very first things a pleeceman gits taught when he joins is 'ow to pay out kebbies, and none on 'em ever forgits it. They're always got their spike in yer, speshully the young 'uns wot's anxious to show as they've profited by their lessons. Just let a copper fancy as you've got a fare 'as 'as promised yer a bit extra if 'e ketches 'is train, and see if 'e don't block yer till there ain't no earthly chance of doin' it, out of pure spite. Oh! they're a nasty lot. Always so bloomin' ready with their note-books, and no more natchral talent for steerin' the traffic than a bloomin' 'edge-og."

"And then there's the bilkers; I've told you my opinion o' them afore. And the old gal wot tells you you're a monster in 'umun form if yer 'appens to tickle your nag up with the whip, or else gives yer a truck and wants to know if yer drinks. It's a wonder I ain't bin 'ad up for manslaughterin' one o' them old fools, it is."

"And there's the people who seems to go about with the speshul objek of gettin' run over; you'd almost fancy they was tryin' to qualify for a hinqest, or else wanted to take it out in hinsurance for a broken leg or somethink. They seems to wait for yer at corners and then make a dash. No, I ain't never ackshully run over anyone, but I've precious near pulled my 'oss's 'ead orf to avoid it sometimes. Oh! it's a tryin', tryin' life, and the compensations is few and far between."

(To be continued next week.)

BELOW STAIRS.

Edith Blanche (the parlourmaid; finishing voluminous description of "the family"). Yes; and Miss Ettie she's a keeping company with a sergin.

Ethel Millicent (the new housemaid). 'Lor, you don't say so! Why, my young man's corporal. Well I never!

ONCE MORE THE ROW BEGAN.



He. (looking in convex glass). Bai Jove! I look better in this than I do in the usual.
She. Oh, I'm sure you do!
He. (suspiciously). Why?
She. Because you couldn't look worse.

Ready Monday, December 7th. Twopence.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Amongst heaps of good things will be found
A Large Plate by W. F. THOMAS,

"ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS BALL."

A Full Page by HAL LUDLOW,

"BOXING NIGHT AT THE 'FRIV.'"

A Sensational Story by STEPHEN SOMERSET,

"THE PARK LANE TRAGEDY."

A Large Cartoon by W. F. THOMAS,

"Ally's Christmas Stockings."

A Comic Song by MOSTYN T. FIGOTT,

"A COSTER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL."

And dozens of other Festive Pictures and Stories.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHAT'S the difference between a medal and a meddler?—One is struck: the other ought to be.

THE forthcoming "Wonder of the Whirled"—Going from end to end of London in a horseless road-car.

THE Stonecutter journalists are depressed. They don't like the idea of the Liberals being without a Leader.

WHEN is a man with cold hands like a Tooting tram?—When he's going to Clap'em.

"TOED-STOOLS"—Those which Grubben & Co.'s clerks kicked over, before going out on strike.

PUZZLE.—Take the middle from the middle, and you'll find yourself in a fog. Answer: 'Midst—mist.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.



Every dog has his day. "Some more so than others," poor old Toby says.

EDIBLE COSMETICS.

[It is asserted that the only true way to preserve the complexion is to consume large quantities of cabbage, broccoli, fruit, etc.]



If you want a complexion That's really perfection, Don't worry, Nor hurry—Cosmetics to buy. All powder and pigments Are Falsehood's mere figments, Whose traces On faces Are but All my Eye! To make your complexion as rich as a queen's Eat plenty of broccoli, cabbage, and greens. 'Tis said this legume-ing Will make you look blooming; Quite splendid, Hues blended, Like Lily and Rose And if to this "tutte"

You add all things fruity,

No ruddy,

Nor muddy.

Flesh-tint you'll disclose.

If complexions you'd have worth the cash of a Coutts, Order van-loads of various "veges," and fruits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

GOLDSMITH BUILDING, TEMPLE, November 9th, 1896.

MOST bountiful and bibulous of beings, a thousand thanks for the "Award." The mystic initials, F.O.S., are not only appended to my name, but ludicrously impressed upon the heart of yours cordially,
MOSTYN T. FIGOTT.

GOING ONE BETTER.

THE objects of the meeting convened in the hall of the Sunday school were the advancement of woman in general, and the public demonstration of her superiority over man where engaged in commercial pursuits in particular.

"Why don't we see more women in the counting-house?" demanded the petticoated orator. "We wouldn't be likely to read so many cases of cashiers embezzling their employers' money to go betting with, then. You never hear of women cashiers disappearing at a moment's notice. You never—"

"Oh, yes, you do," sung out a man with red whiskers in one of the back rows. "Miss Murkarkins, what was in the pay-deck at Briskins's, the butcher's, done a guy on'y last week."

"Did she, indeed?" continued the lecturer. "But I would caution my interrupter, whoever he may be, that he had better be careful how he slanders, even by insinuation, the missing Miss Murkarkins. If the slanderous thing in man's guise persisted in these charges, she (the lecturer) would herself call upon the butcher Briskins, and—"

"Yer can't," chimed in the ribald voice; "when the forward hussy went she took him too!" Then somebody turned the gas out.

THE SLOPER RELICS.

(Continued.)

NO. 28.—MANUSCRIPT OF "HAMLET," RUFFLE, AND PINT POT, THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



While some workmen were making excavations lately at the Globe Theatre they came upon an old box on which were still to be traced the words "William Shakspeare—hys chest." On being opened it was found to contain the above-named articles in a fair state of preservation. Mr. Penley at once generously forwarded them to A. SLOPER for his museum, with his love. No sooner were they on view than the Shakspearian Society, with exceedingly bad taste, questioned their genuineness, and demanded to know how it was the MS. of Hamlet was type-written and was marked with butter stains; how the ruffle could have belonged to the Bard, as he always wore "turn-downs"; and how A. SLOPER could account for the legend, "The Sloper Arms, Shoe Lane," in the pint pot. They also reminded the Eminent, in a nasty, sarcastic way, that the Globe in Shakspeare's time was generally supposed to be at Bankside and not in the Strand. At first A. SLOPER was disposed to tell the S.S. to mind its own business; but he has since replied that it is well known that managers dislike looking at MSS. without they are type-written, and this, doubtless, Shakspeare well knew; that the ruffle was for Sunday wear; and that Shoe Lane was in existence in Tudor times, so were the Slopers (Vide "Ancestors"); and while he asserts that not much dependence can be placed on the maps of those days, he proudly points to the Ordnance Map of to-day, which never errs.—(To be continued.)



No. 456.—CAPTAIN G. W. BRYAN, F.O.S.

"It is with great pleasure we add to our exhibition, the portrait of this fine old salt. Merit but too seldom meets with its just reward in this unappreciative world, but our hero may now boast that life's sweetest honour has been accorded him. In early childhood his passion for the vasty deep became apparent. His entire pocket-money was squandered upon penny steamers, and the utmost efforts of his parents were needed to prevent him turning stowaway. Of course, there was nothing to be done with a kid like this but to gratify his desire for a life on the ocean wave; and this done, our hero rapidly rose in the profession of which he is to-day so distinguished an ornament. Chiefly because he's a grand old skipper he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 22nd, 1896."—*Debrett Improved*.

SEEING DOUBLE.



Bertie (slightly elevated). Well, if I thought you had a sister I would have brought my friend Archie with me; and I've only flowers for one, too.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.
AND HE COOED.

Elderly Heiress (to fortune-hunting fiancé). Naughty, naughty boy to leave its own little birdie-wirdie alone all the evening. Sit down and coo to its dovey-povey at once.

THE CHIEF DISADVANTAGE.



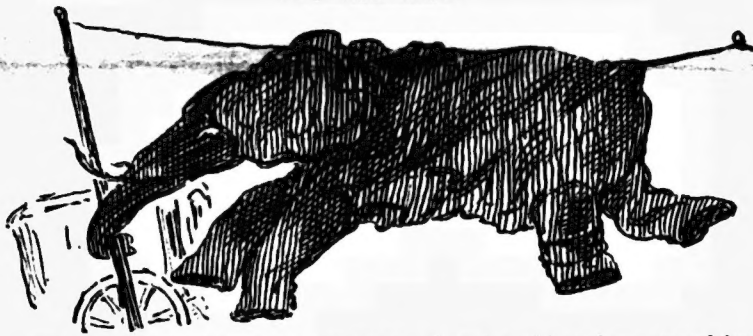
"Now that all the girls are taking to bags, dear, I've gone in for a coster's suit. It's very fetching, but I must say I should like to have a chance of sitting down sometimes."

NOT ANSWERED.



"Are you an actor, Mr. Flint?" "Why, my dear?" "Because ma said this morning that you never acted on the square."

IT'S ALL RIGHT.



Don't be alarmed. Keep your sents, please. It isn't a wild elephant escaped from a travelling menagerie; it's merely McGorse ey's wardrobe being aired on the beach at Brighton.

[Saturday, November 21, 1896.
BAD BLOOD.

Budding Laureate. I'm sure I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir, and all I want is a chance to bring it out.
Editor. Then I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced!

* * Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 469.—MISS LAURA EDGBY.
"The depth of my passion no language can tell."
—*The Dook Snook*.
"Oh, would that I were free to win her love."
—*Lord Bob*.
"Say, dearest heart, I do not hope in vain."
—*The Hon. Billy*.

THE RUMFOOZLERS' CLUB: ITS MEMBERS, ITS INFLUENCE, ITS ATTENDANTS AND ITS BYE-LAWS.
No. 6.—A DEBATING SOCIETY NIGHT.

There was conspicuously pasted on the outer walls of the Rumfoozlers' the other day a placard of goodly size, on which was inscribed the following: THE RUMFOOZLERS' DEBATING SOCIETY. Grand night! Subject: WHAT'S THE GOOD OF OUR WIVES? The Debate opened by A. SLOPER, Esq. "There!" cried Mrs. Sloper, excitedly leading two matrons up to it. "What did I tell yer? Now, my dears, let us consider how to circumvent the wretches."



On the night the room was packed. A. SLOPER was never in better form. His words, every one of which the Members hung on with bated breath, meandered from his lips in an eloquent stream. A black-board had been provided at an enormous expense, on which he illustrated his remarks with spirited diagrams, and a pianist was also turned on to help to make things more lively. The speaker proved conclusively, and to everybody's satisfaction, that wives, individually and collectively, were not a blooming bit of use. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Eminent for his ability in tackling the subject, and the booze.



Eventually, the Members, more or less unsteadily, emerged from the Club, with the appearance of men who had fought a social battle, and won it. But their triumph was of short duration, for no sooner had they gained the open air than they were sat upon by a well-organized body of wives, headed by Mrs. Sloper. The ladies were all over them in the twink of an eye with their goodly gingham and fingernails (in sections of five, counting the thumb). It is understood that the next subject of debate won't be on Wives.